

Baking Together

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Summary: "I know you've never made cookies before in your life." "And who better to teach me than Nice, the cooking expert?" "You think I'm a cooking expert?" "Not at all. You can't even afford to feed yourself, I don't see how you could be." Nice and Art bake cookies together.

Baking Together

"Step two, combine three hundred grams of flour, one spoonful of baking soda, and one spoonful of salt in a small bowl," Art read carefully.

"Got it, three hundred grams of flourâ€|" Nice reiterated, pouring the flour with a careless expression. "Hmmâ€| do you have any cocoa powder?"

"The recipe doesn't have any cocoa powder in it." Art explained, checking the list one more time before collecting the teaspoon of baking soda.

"I know that, but I thought it would be fun. You've never had homemade double chocolate cookies before, right?" Nice suggested, starting to pour the sugar into the measuring cup.

"You know the answers to both those questions. Could you read me how much vanilla extract we need?" Art sighed, finished with the salt.

"I know you've never made cookies before in your life. One teaspoon of vanilla extract, and once I add the brown sugar and butter we stir it."

"And who better to teach me than Nice, the cooking expert?" The inspector teased, catching some white sugar on his finger and licking it playfully.

"You think I'm a cooking expert?"

"Not at all. You can't even afford to feed yourself, I don't see how you could be." Art laughed, as he pushed himself up onto the counter.

Nice sighed and glared at him in retaliation. "I would have more money to buy food if someone didn't charge such exorbitant interest rates."

"If you had just asked, I would have waived it for you. Besides, there are more ways you can pay me back than just money."

"What!? Then tell me already! I don't want to have this debt leaning over my head." Nice exclaimed before turning on the mixer. The noise from the machine filled the room, making Art's laughter almost inaudible. Almost.

"You're a private investigator, aren't you? Figure it out for yourself. It wouldn't be any fun if I told you everything." Art replied as he snapped off the mixer and took another taste of the batter. "How much is left? This tastes quite well the way it is."

"I'm going to charge you ten thousand yen for cooking lessons." Nice threatened as he cracked open an egg.

"And what about the other twenty-five thousand yen?" Art chimed, cracking the second egg open and letting it seep into the mixture.

"Hey! That's twenty-thousand yen!"

"No it is not. Because the interest rate was—"

"Way too high." Nice scolded, purposefully dumping too much of the dry mixture in. Even at the low setting he turned the mixer too, the flour erupted into the air and onto Art, who was still seated precariously on the counter. The inspector batted at the air to try to get the ingredient away from him.

"That was a bit much. I could have you arrested for disrespecting an officer." Art warned, finally jumping off the counter. Nice rolled his eyes and poured a more moderate amount of the dry mixture in.

"Wouldn't that be an abuse of power? I did it in self defense, after all." The minimum-holder poured the rest of the mixture in and reached for the bag of chocolate chips.

"I wasn't threatening you at all." Art argued fondly.

"I was protecting the food, then." Nice grumbled, pushing Art's hand away from the open bag of chocolates. "I wish you were this gluttonous normally. I wouldn't have to worry about your health as much."

"I'm sorry for making you worry." Art whispered sincerely. Nice immediately regretted his words and gave the inspector an

affectionate peck on the cheek in apology.

"It's not a problem, just try to take better care of yourself, okay?" Nice smiled, trying to reassure the inspector. "Now, come help me put these on the baking sheet, okay? I can't do it all by myself."

"Whatever you say, Nice." Art smiled lightly before reaching into the batter to begin forming the cookies. Nice let out a breath of relief at Art's reaction and followed in suit. With both of them working, it only took a few minutes to get all the dough onto the tray.

"Hey, what are you doing?" The minimum holder questioned when Art moved towards the sink.

"I need to clean off my hands before we put them in the oven—"

"No need." Nice announced, waving his licked-clean hands. Art rolled his eyes while Nice slid the trays into the oven. He had to stop himself from making a comment about what a nice kitchen Art had for someone that was rarely home. Instead, he walked over to Art, who had fortunately not moved any closer to the sink, and brought the inspector's hand to his mouth. Slowly, he licked off the leftover pieces of dough that still clung to Art's slender fingers. The substance was sweet, but not as sweet as the sound of Art's heightened breathing. Nice looked up and was pleased to see the inspector's face tinged with red. Pleased with the reaction, Nice continued to seductively clean Art's fingers until not a drop of dough remained.

Upon finishing the first hand, Nice eagerly reached for the second, but Art moved out of the investigator's reach. Purposefully, with his dirty hand, Art cupped Nice's cheek and leaned in for a quick kiss, which Nice happily gave him despite the mess. Nice reached behind the inspector to untie the apron, urging for more physical contact. He was about to lift up Art's shirt, when his thoughts were interrupted by an unceasing beeping noise.

"Niceâ€| Nice that's the timerâ€| Nice, the cookies are doneâ€| Niceâ€|" Art mumbled in between kisses, trying to push the minimum holder off. "Nice, I'll sue you for smoke damages if you don't get off me."

That got his attention. Reluctantly, Nice walked over to the oven, turned it off, and grabbed an oven mitt to take out the cookies. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Art watching him, a teasing smirk on his face as he licked the leftover dough off his hand. Nice quickly placed the trays onto the stovetop and turned back to Art, who had just given up and washed his hands in the sink. With one hand he grabbed a paper towel to wipe off the batter Art had smudged onto his face, and used the other hand to grip Art's slender wrist and lead him away from the kitchen.

"Where are we going?" The inspector asked with a unsuitably innocent tone.

"We have to wait for the cookies to cool. Meanwhile, I'm going to work off my debts." Nice remarked as he led Art to the bedroom.

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file.